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1909

JOY-BELLS

By GEORGIE TYLLMAN SNEAD





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Book 172

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JOY-BELLS

LYRICS OF HOPE
& OTHER POEMS

BY

GEORGIE TILLMAN SNEAD

NEW YORK
EDWIN S. GORHAM
1909

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.. 5 1/2
Mar. 31, 1909
135 1/2

THE PREMIER PRESS
NEW YORK

TO THE MEMORY OF OUR LOVED
ONES WHO HAVE JOINED
THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

*“The Lord is my strength and my shield,
My heart trusted in him and I am helped,
Therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth,
And with my song will I praise him.”*

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JOY-BELLS

Lyrics of Hope and Other Poems

INSPIRATION

Oh, wondrous grace my God hath given,
To me whose eyes were void of sight!
He hath infused his glorious light,
And now this earth is like to Heaven!

For now I see, my eyes discern,
The mighty marvels of his love,
The glories of the heavens above,
And wonders of the earth I learn.

New beauties everywhere now spring
In leaf and bud and tree and flower;
I feel the glory of each hour,
As fast it speeds on golden wing.

Can I repine when this rich feast
Is evermore before me spread,
In this great volume daily read,
Which God can show unto the least?

No, may I ever praise his name,
How hard soe'er my cross to bear,
Since everywhere in earth and air,
I see his wondrous love aflame.

Then let me through this day be strong
In earnest word and noble deed,
Since God supplies my every need,
And maketh bright my path along.

INVOCATION TO THE NEW YEAR

(1909)

New Year, I ask these gifts of thee:
I ask not that my coffers full may be
Of yellow dust which men call gold,
For, mayhap, mortals with such treasure
 blest

Grow proud and hard and cold.
I do not ask the laurel wreath of fame,
For though to outward eyes it seem most
 fair,
Full well I know that many a piercing thorn
Its fresh green leaves may bear.

I do not ask a quiet, sheltered spot,
Where earth's world-weary throng may
 never pass;
I do not ask exemption from the cross,
Nor from the cares which burdened hearts
 harass.
I ask, New Year, that I may bear
Within my heart a song of cheer,
Whether my skies be wholly bright,
Or whether they be drear.

A trust unfaltering in an unseen Hand,
To guide my steps along the way,—
O'er mountain crags, or deserts of the
 wild,—
Through starless nights, or sun-emblazoned
 day.
Health would I ask, and strength,
To do my work with patient love,
Unmurmuring, though my task be hard,
Since 'tis appointed by my God above.

A love for all things grand and beautiful,
Of star and peak and sunset sky,
Of rainbow hues, and flowers and birds,
And ocean's wondrous majesty.
A heart of love for great and small,
For man, however poor and wretched he
 may be,
A peace which nothing earthly may disturb—
An all-encompassing charity.

EASTER JOY

Oh, Easter morn, thy beauty breaks,
In glorious radiance on my soul,—
The night of death hath passed away!
And light now shines from pole to pole.

Proclaim the tidings far and near
How Jesus died and rose again,
And by his wondrous victory,
Gives life to all the sons of men.

He conquered death, he triumphed o'er
The hosts of sin and broke their chains;
Oh, glorious, glorious victory!
The risen Lord forever reigns.

Oh, hasten now unto his courts,
And swell the mighty anthem there;
Jesus, our risen Savior, Lord,—
Throughout the earth the tidings bear.

THERE'LL BE SUNSHINE TO-MORROW

Oh, why should we e'er yield to sorrow,
Or trouble needlessly borrow?
To-day may be dark, but still sings the lark,
And we know there'll be sunshine to-morrow!

To-day not a flower may be blooming,
To brighten the gloom o'er us looming,
Yet still we know while winter winds blow,
The violets of spring are coming!

To-day our friends may deceive us,
And troubles bitterly grieve us,
Yet His promise is true, to me and to you,
That he'll never forget or leave us.

Then why should we e'er yield to sorrow;
Or trouble needlessly borrow?
Look up, and not down, and banish thy frown,
For there will be sunshine to-morrow!

AN IDYL OF SUMMER

Oh, God, I love this world of thine,
And all its marvels spread abroad,
The myriad creatures of the sod,
Who praise thy name and ne'er repine.

'Tis birth of day, oh, glorious hour!
The shadows all are flown apace,
And like to one who runs a race,
The earth her orbit swings with power.

A golden globe springs in the east,
The world is filled with quickening light,
On earth or sky I see no blight,
As nature spreads her morning feast!

Oh, happy ones, oh, free of care,
Ye songsters of the hills and groves,
Your matins tell of joy and love,
As swift ye cleave the azure air.

Ye brooks are laughing on your way,
As through the mead ye glimpse and glide,
To join the ever-swelling tide
Of waters to the deep-mouthed bay.

Oh, rose of June, thy fragrant breath,
Fills all the air with incense sweet,
What joy thy beauteous face to greet,
Where life hath triumphed over death!

Oh, peaceful groves with dew-empared,
Thy shades are like to Paradise,
Where I can banish all my sighs,
And revel in a new-made world.

Oh, gleeful waves, ye sing to me,
As light ye dance upon the shore,
My heart is joyous evermore,
When listing to such minstrelsy.

All things in earth and air and sea,
Are filled with summer's sensuous charm,
Oh, man behold thy dwelling place,—
Rest here in peace, dread no alarm.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

The gates of heaven swung wide,
Forth flashed bright wings through all the
 high, ethereal dome.
A host of seraphim and cherubim, in glistening
 white,
Their faces shining as the sun,
With gentle, undulating motion,
With pinions flashing, radiant,
Moved down from heaven's high battlements,
To lowly earth.
Millions upon millions of stars shone
In the blue depth of ether far below,
And as the lustrous throng drew near
They paled, abashed at the seraphic glory.
There was a hush o'er all earth's realms;
Nature, in homage to her Lord, stood silent,
 in speechless awe,

For He had come! The great, eternal God,
Incarnate had become!
Oh, mystery infinite! oh, thought beyond all
 thought!
The great Creator had become a creature,
And now, with all a creature's limitations,
Lay helpless in a manger.
On a lone hill, in Judah's realm,
Shepherds were abiding, their flocks to keep.
Weary with long watching, they lay asleep
Unconscious of the radiance round about them.

“Glory, glory, glory!
Glory in the highest,
Peace on earth, good will to men!”

Myriads of angelic hosts,
With strains divinely sweet,
Filled all the earth with symphonies supernal.
The shepherds rose upon their feet,
And dumb with a great astonishment
Looked up into the fathomless abysm,
Where millions of gleaming wings
Made luminous the darkness.
The light grew brighter and more bright,
Till Night, in terror, fled amazed,
Henceforth to know that Day
Her reign eternal had begun.

“Glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to God in the highest,
Peace on earth, good will to men.”

There was a sound of rushing hosts,—
A harmony infinite to mortal ears,
Highest heaven caught up the strain,
And from the Eternal Throne was echoed,

“Glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to God in the highest,
Peace on earth, good will to men.
Amen! Amen! Amen!”

SOMETIME—SOMEWHERE

There'll be a bright day dawning,
Sometime—somewhere,
There'll be a glorious morning,
Sometime—somewhere.
We shall wipe away our tears,
We shall banish all our fears,
When that happy dawn appears,
Sometime—somewhere.

Hope's banner will be lifted,
Sometime—somewhere,
And the clouds of doubt be rifted,
Sometime—somewhere.
Evermore the sun will shine,
With a radiance benign,
And no more will hearts repine
Sometime—somewhere!

All the wrong things will be righted,
Sometime—somewhere,
And Truth's golden torch be lighted,
Sometime—somewhere.
And the pain our hearts have borne,
Will forevermore have flown!
We shall know as we are known,
Sometime—somewhere.

The star of love will brighten o'er us,
Sometime—somewhere,
Then there'll be a happy chorus,
Sometime—somewhere.
Songs of praise we'll sing forever,
Care and sorrow reach us never,
From our loved ones we'll ne'er sever,
Sometime—somewhere!

BEYOND

Beyond the line that bounds our finite vision,
Beyond the breaker's roar, the storm's
dread power,
Lie the fair fields of the land Elysian,
Where peace abides and tempests no more
lower.

Far seems the land to our short-sighted fancy,
And vague and all uncertain to our mortal
eye,
Yet still we know full well it there abideth,
That there those fields in heavenly beauty
lie.

There in that peaceful land of love and glad-
ness,
No more shall fall dark shadows of the
night,
The smile of God will banish all our sadness,
And fill our souls with Heaven's divinest
light.

There we shall see the loved ones gone before
us,
There we shall clasp their hands with pre-
sure sweet,
There we shall sing the glory song supernal,
There we shall cast our crowns at Jesus'
feet!

Then let us patient be through all our voyage,
And murmur not though heaving billows
rise,
They do but waft us nearer to the haven,
Beyond these cloud-dimmed skies.

"HE WILL PERFECT THAT WHICH CONCERNETH ME"

He will perfect all His plan,
I will wait His gracious will,
Bide His time, for it is best,
His purpose sure He will fulfill.

I must not, cannot idle be,
But do my part with faithfulness,
Praying for His grace and power,
Knowing that His time is best.

Let me not murmur at my cross,
But strive to do what good I can,—
God will comfort and sustain,
He will perfect all His plan.

I WILL DECLARE WHAT HE HATH DONE FOR MY SOUL

I will declare what he hath done for my soul,
I will proclaim his mercy and grace,
For out of the darkness he drew me,
And showed me the light of his face.

He hath turned my sorrow to gladness,
My cup he hath filled to the brim;
My heart can never know sadness,
While I look for joy unto him.

I will declare what he hath done for my soul,
I will praise him forever and aye!
For out of the black night of darkness
Is born a glorious day!

HIS BANNER OVER ME IS LOVE

Above the skies are black,
Beneath, the waters roar,
The waves uplifting mountain high,
Obscure the distant shore.
Yet naught my trust in Him can move,
For well I know, on sea or shore,
His banner over me is love!

In vain I seem to cry
For succor on the deep,
Amid the tempest's awful power,
And wind's loud wrathful sweep.
Yet naught my trust in Him can move,
For well I know, on sea or shore,
His banner over me is love.

Oh, blessed thought to know,
Where'er my bark be driven,
He sees, he hears, his watchful eye
Will guide me to his haven.
Oh, naught my trust in Him can move,
For well I know on sea or shore,
His banner over me is love!

HIS MESSENGER

Oh, blessed Master, may I tell
Of all thy matchless worth,
Of all thy grace to mortal man,
Through all the realms of earth.

Oh, let me be thy messenger,
To bear the tidings round,
From east to west, from north to south,
To earth's remotest bound.

Oh, may thy gracious word prevail
Throughout our planet blest,
May heathen nations know thy love,
And feel thy perfect rest.

Then strengthen me that I may do
Thy blessed, holy will,
With steadfast heart and prayerful lips,
And thus thy law fulfill.

THE CHRYSALIS

Dead, yea dead and cold and pulseless,
I thought the small dark worm,
Lying so still there in its self-made grave,—
Dead! why should I hope for life from that
dark tomb?
With hope quite gone, I wrapped it in cere-
ments
And laid it in a casket out of sight,
And so I quite forgot it,
Weeks went by, when casually lifting the lid of
my casket,
I beheld, and lo! a beauteous creature sat
poised upon it,
With wings outspread, ready for flight!
Silently I stood and watched
As the wondrous form arose,
And floated upward into the blue empyrean.
Enraptured then I cried:
"Thus too shall man the bands of death burst
through
And rise to God his native element!"

IN THE NIGHT-WATCHES

I will meditate on Thee in the night-watches
In the silence of moon and stars,
When a hush of peace falls o'er the earth
And Heaven her gate unbars,—

And my soul in rapture gazes
Through the open portal wide,
And a vision I may not utter
Sweeps on in a golden tide.

A vision of all things holy,
Of wondrous grace and love,
Comes to me in the silent hour,
Straight down from the throne above.

I will meditate on Thee in the night-watches.
In the silence of moon and stars,
And my soul shall be one with the Infinite,
When Heaven her gate unbars.

THE VOICE

Oh, brook that speeds so blithely by,
And heedeth not my eager cry,
Wilt thou not pause and list to me,
As fast thou runnest to the sea?
Nay, nay, my child, it cannot be,
The sea, the sea, it calls to me!

Oh, pause and look, here are flowers fair,
Whose perfume sweet fills all the air,
The happy birds sing songs of glee,
As fast thou runnest to the sea.
Nay, tempt me not, it cannot be,
The sea is calling loud to me.

Oh, man, why labor on through life,
With all this endless toil and strife?
List like the brook, who calls to thee?
A far, faint voice of melody;
Eternity, eternity,
It calls to thee! It calls to thee!

Soon thou must lay these baubles down,
Say, are they worth thy heavenly crown?
Oh, cast aside thy paltry plea,
List to the voice that calls to thee:
Eternity, eternity,
It calls to thee, it calls to thee!

A PRAYER

Oh, gracious Spirit, God of light,
I lift my soul to thee with earnest prayer
That I may more conformed be to thy blest
will.

I pray thee make me to know
The power of thy resurrection,
The fellowship of thy sufferings,
That I may show forth all thy praise,
In my body and spirit which are thine.
I can of mine own self do nothing,
But through thee I can do all things.
Make me an instrument of thy glory
A messenger of thy grace,
Whereby men may know thy beauty and thy
goodness.

Grant unto me thy blest illumination,
That I may behold wondrous things out of
thy law,

And I shall declare thy great goodness,
And thy excellent loving kindness.
Oh, grant that my life may be
So pure, so consistent, so faithful, loyal true,
That others may learn to keep thy blest pre-
cepts,
And glorify thy name forevermore!

THE WINDINGS OF MY LIFE.

The windings of my life are all
Unfoldings of thy love to me,
Then why should I the devious paths
Of life complain to see?

Wherever I may pass along,
However dark the way,
Thy smile the path illumines
To glorious perfect day!

The windings of my life are all
Known perfectly to thee,
The end from the beginning
The Eternal Eye can see.

The windings of my life are all
Unfoldings of thy love to me,—
Thy love—which doth unfold in time,
And through eternity!

IN THE COVERT OF THY WINGS.

In the covert of thy wings—
Oh, promise sweet,
That cheers my soul whatever storm or foe
I meet.

In the covert of thy wings—
Though wild the blast,
I'll keep me 'mid the tempest's roar
Descending fast.

In the covert of thy wings—
May I for aye
Be safe from all alarms and sin,
I pray!

In the covert of thy wings—
Oh, may I hide,
And safe within that refuge sure
Fore'er abide!

GUIDE ME

Oh, blessed Lord, I pray Thee guide me,
For I am blind, I cannot know the way;
Oh, take my hand and gently lead me,
Through darkness up to Thine all-perfect
day.

Oh, lead me, Lord, lest I should falter,
Amid the darkness and the pitfalls deep;
Oh, take my hand and ever keep me,
Close to Thy side 'mid all the rocky steep.

Far up the rugged heights beyond me,
I hear strange voices 'mid the deepening
gloom;
I am afraid, dear Lord, lest I should wander,
And follow lights which round about me
loom.

So, Lord, I pray Thee gently lead me,
Thou knowest the way Thy faltering child
should take;
Oh, guide me to Thy refuge far above me,
Where light eternal on our souls shall
break!

GOD'S VESTIBULE (The Earth)

How glorious thy vestibule!
Canopied with sapphire, instarred with diamonds,
Girdled with the emerald of thy mountains,
And the opal of thy waters,—
How glorious thy vestibule!

The beauty of this, our earthly home,
On which light from thy throne radiates,
Must be the shadow of thy glory,
The rainbow promise of beauty supernal,
The irrefutable proof of thy being,
Of thy power and God-head.

I SHALL BE SATISFIED

I shall be satisfied—aye satisfied,
When I awake with thy likeness bright,
Oh, wondrous change! oh, blessed transformation!

I shall be satisfied—without blight!

I shall be satisfied—aye satisfied,—
Gone all unrest—all care,—
Oh, grace divine, oh, loveliness supernal!
I shall be satisfied—thy likeness bear!

I shall be satisfied—aye satisfied,
No more shall sin my soul dismay;
In the paradise of God, with thy image,
I shall be satisfied—for aye!

I CANNOT HELP FROM SINGING

I cannot help from singing
Of all His love to me,
So much of grace and pity
Awake sweet melody.

I cannot help from singing,—
My heart is full of joy,
The praises of my God and king
Must be my best employ.

I cannot help from singing,
My cup is running o'er
With fullest joy and blessing—
I'll praise Him more and more.

I cannot help from singing,
I'll sing His praise for aye,
Oh, join with me your voices,
And joyful be alway.

THE SONG TRIUMPHANT

What is the song of the bird,
As it trills its vernal lay,
Basking in golden sunshine
Throughout the livelong day?
What is the song of the brook
As it bursts its icy bed,
And merrily rippleth onward,
With the blue skies overhead?

What is the song of the flower,
Distilling its sweet perfume,
In the shady nook of the woodland,
Dispelling all its gloom?
What is the song of the bee,
As it speeds on joyful wings,
Culling the sweets of the flowerets,
In the blithesome days of spring?

What is the song of the breeze
As it gently stirs above,
Hovering o'er the meadows
With warmest kiss of love?
There is one song of the flower,
Of the bee, and the brook, and the bird,
And this song is the song of the breeze
As it murmurs lightly stirred.

The song they sing is the sweetest
Ever heard by mortals below,
'Tis the song God taught our parents
When Eden was lost of yore.
The song is "Hope" and forever
From age to age it thrills,
Its strains sublime float onward,
And earth's loud murmur stills.

Oh, man, give up thy doubting,
Throw to the wind thy fears,
And list to the song of Nature
Sung through a thousand years.
The song of Life immortal—
The Soul's divinest lay,
The song of Life triumphant,
O'er Death forever and aye.

THE HILLS OF LIGHT

When backward o'er life's stormy way,
My spirit wends its flight,
I view the valleys dark with gloom,
And then the hills of light.
The hills of light, the hills of light!
The blessed hills of light!
Where dwelt no gloom, where all was bloom.
Where fell no dreary night.

The hills of light, the hills of light,
How graceful and how fair,
The valley passed and gone all fear,
How happy to be there!
The hills of light, the hills of light,
God's blessed dwelling-place,
Where comes no evil thing or foul,
Where we shall see his face.

The hills of light, the hills of light,
Oh, may we see their bloom,
When life's unrest at length is past,
And Jesus bids us come!

ON THE HEIGHTS

'Twas on the heights of Horeb,
On Sinai's flaming brow,
God's voice proclaimed the holy law,
To which mankind should bow.

'Twas Ararat's lofty summit
On which the Ark was cast,
And Noah's little family
Were saved from stormy blast.

'Twas on the top of Carmel,
With Baal's hosts around,
Elijah called down fire
And did their souls confound.

'Twas on the Mount of Hermon,
To Peter, James, and John,
The Lord's transfigured glory
In supernal beauty shone.

'Twas Calvary, dear Calvary,
Where Christ the Saviour bled,
And for the sinful race of man
His blood did freely shed.

Fair Olivet, blest Olivet,
'Twas there our risen Lord
Ascended into Heaven,
To the Paradise of God.

A VISION

Beyond the roseate glow of eve,
Beyond the shadows vague and dark,
I see a vision sweet and fair,
Give ear, my soul, oh hark!

Beyond the evening star's pale gleam,
Beyond the morn's wan light,
There looms a region fair and sweet,
Where all is pure and bright.

A vision far, but ever near,
For loved ones there I see,—
All clothed in shining raiment fair,
Who beckon unto me.

THE VEIL

This morn I stood and looked across
To where blue brows are reared in sky,
And lo! a misty dinness spread
To tantalize my eye.

In vain my gaze essayed to pierce,
And feast my anxious soul,
On azure beauty bright and clear
Which rose above the wold.

I darkly saw, as through a glass,
A faint vague phantom brow,
Uplifted through the veil of mist—
It stirs my spirit now.

And as I gazed, there came to me
These words of Holy Writ,
"As through a glass His glory shines
And dimly doth emit."

Oh, purplish mist, I know thou art,
An emblem fair and true,
Of God's great mercy to mankind,
His love all shining through.

His glory now he veils in love,
Lest man should blinded be,
But death shall rend all barriers,
And face to face we'll see.

THE LIGHT OF GOD.

All about me float thick clouds,
I cannot see a ray of light,
I grope along and pray for day,
How terrible this night!

No moon, no stars, no comet's glow,
To break the dreadful gloom,—
I falter, stumble, pray, and cry,
And face the yawning tomb.

He hears my cry, the blessed Lord,
He sends the dawn—'tis day!
And all the darkness of my soul,
Is flown fore'er away!

LORD, TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?

Lord, to whom shall we go but unto Thee,
For Thou hast the words of eternal life,
Without Thee we are weak and blind and
helpless,
And sick amid life's bitter, ceaseless strife.

In Thy presence there is light and wisdom,
There is joy, beauty, and purity divine,
To Thee we come, the fountain of all good-
ness.
The helper of the wounded heart and
burdened mind.

To Thee we come, our blessed Redeemer,
Creator, Preserver, Helper ever true,
We come to bless Thy holy name forever,
We come to serve Thee and our vows
renew.

"I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE NOR FORSAKE"

Be still my soul, know God will keep
The child who trusts his love,
He will not ever thee forsake,—
Thy faith he seeks to prove.

Thy way is dark, but he will lead
His child to perfect day,
Oh, do thy part in humble trust,
And from his side ne'er stray.

When in the stormy blasts of life,
With fears assailing hard, ..
Oh, put thy hand within his own,
And lean upon thy God.

He will not leave thee nor forsake,
But shield thee from all harm,
Oh, blessed, blessed refuge,
Amid life's blasting storm!

THERE'S JOY IN ALL THE WORLD TO-DAY

There's joy in all the world to-day
Because my heart is glad,
The clouds of woe have rolled away!
I am no longer sad.

Bright, beautiful and pure I see,
The earth so grandly drest,
'Tis hard to know that 'mid this scene
May be a soul distressed.

There's joy in all the world to-day,
Because my heart is glad,
The clouds of woe have rolled away,
I am no longer sad.

I lift my soul up to Thy face,
Who didst my soul illumine,
Who banished darkness, woe, and pain,
Till gone is all the gloom.

Thou hast put gladness in my heart,
Oh, let me sing Thy praise
Forever and evermore,
Throughout my length of days.

GOD IS LOVE

God is love, why should I doubt him,
Why should I fear the waters chill?
It was his grace and love and mercy,
That led me on, that leads me still.

God is love, oh, trust him ever,
Though black the cloud about thy way;
He only seeketh thus to teach thee,
To trust in darkness as in day.

God is love, oh, promise gracious,
That he will be our faithful guide,
If we but work and pray and trust him,
He will with us in truth abide.

OH, GLORIOUS DAY!

Oh, glorious day, thy advent we hail,
When the kingdom of God on earth shall
 prevail,
When nations afar their idols shall fell,
To witness for Jesus, the glad tidings to tell!

When truth, love, and peace shall in loving
 embrace
Make Heaven of earth for man's fallen race;
When war no more shall threaten our land,
But the angel of Peace our armies command.

How blessed, thrice blessed, this earth, may
 we say,
When evil no more her sceptre shall sway!
Oh, hasten the hour, my soul may it hail,
When righteousness true on earth shall prevail!

REJOICE AND BE GLAD, FOR LIGHT IS BREAKING.

Rejoice and be glad, for light is breaking
 On shores in shadows wrapped so long.
See heathen now their gods forsaking—
 Rejoice! break into rapturous song.

Rejoice and be glad, oh, redeemed creation,
 Throughout the earth His praises now
 sing;
The nations assemble to offer oblation,
 To hasten the advent of Jesus our King.

Rejoice and be glad, for peace like a river,
 Shall flow through the earth in a deep'ning
 tide;
Rejoice and be glad, sound His praises for-
 ever—
Be joyful, oh, earth, throw thy gates open
 wide.

Rejoice and be glad, for Jesus is bringing
 Heaven to earth with His glorious reign;
Rejoice and be glad, break forth into singing,
 Sound His praises, sound His praises,
 from mountain to plain.

THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD FOR JESUS

The whole wide world for Jesus,
Let this watchword echo round,
The whole wide world for Jesus,
Till all the lost be found.
The whole wide world for Jesus,
Of every land and clime,
The whole wide world for Jesus,
We'll sing the strain sublime!

The whole wide world for Jesus,
Alas! we slumber long,
While souls go down in darkness,
A mighty, Christless throng,
The whole wide world for Jesus,
Be this our battle cry,
The whole wide world for Jesus,
To conquer or to die!

The whole wide world for Jesus,
To-day he calls for men,
We'll hasten at his bidding,
Until the world we win.
The whole wide world for Jesus,
We'll bring the lost ones home!
The whole wide world for Jesus,
We'll pray his kingdom come!

The whole wide world for Jesus,
Oh, glorious, glorious day,
When pain and sin and sorrow,
Shall forever flee away!
The whole wide world for Jesus,
And if we faithful be,
The whole wide world for Jesus,
Will shout the victory!

THE WOUNDED BIRD

With drooping head and pinions, upon a
maple spray,
A wounded bird sat singing her little life
away;
There was no note of sadness, the song was
wondrous sweet,—
It stirred my heart to pity as I paused the
bird to greet.

"Oh, wounded bird," I faltered, "how canst
thou sweetly sing
When pierced with cruel arrows hangs limp
thy broken wing?"

Methinks all hushed and silent upon the maple tree,
Would be thy accents cheery, thy voice of melody."

"Oh, man, canst thou not fathom the secret of my song,
Which from my bruised bosom pours forth to aid the throng
Of all the earth's heart-broken who pass along the way,
And catch perhaps the cadence of this my cheery lay?

"My own sad heart is lightened to know that other hearts
May bear their burdens better, the wound which bleeds and smarts;
Because of this my lyric, poured forth in grief and pain,
Upon this bough of maple, a wounded bird's refrain."

THE IRON HATH NOT ENTERED MY SOUL

I have drunk of the wormwood and gall,
I have drained it e'en down to the lees,
I have mustered at duty's stern call,
I have sailed through bloodiest seas.
I have fought in the thick of the fight,
To the foe my bosom I've laid bare,
While the cannon its horrors have belched,
And reddened the field with its glare.

Though rough is the path to my feet,
Though bleeding and torn they may be,
Though fierce is the thirst of my heart,
For a word of true sympathy,—
Though alone I must tread the wild way,
That lieth in shadows and gloom,
Though far be the goal of my heart,
And dread shapes before me may loom,—

Yet there's one joy I hug to my breast,
Which no man can e'er take away,
For to me 'tis the supremest test
Of the soul who hath fought in the fray,
Though legions of foes may beset,
Though billows of trouble may roll,
Thank God there's one comfort left,
The iron hath not entered my soul!

TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND WILL PRE- VAIL

Oh, man, there's naught for thee to fear,
Who keepeth truth and justice here;
The coward soul doth shrink and pale,
E'en though begirt with cast of mail,
For all his hope is greed and lust.
In God we trust, his ways are just,
Truth, truth is mighty and will prevail!

Oh, falter not, thou censured soul,
But march straight onward to thy goal,
What though thy plans and purpose fail,
And thy misfortunes friends bewail?
Oh, do not thou thyself berate,—
For soon or late, as sure as fate,
Truth, truth is mighty and will prevail!

Though sailing slow from lands remote,
Thou'lt see thy ship come safe to port;
Though storms arise thou needest not quail,
Nor fear the fury of the gale.
Oh, wait that happy destined hour!
Though tempests lower, thou hast all power,
For right is might and will prevail!

LET YOUR LIFE RING TRUE

Let your life ring true, my brother,
Let your life ring true,
No matter where you labor,
Or what you are called to do.
Through the sunshine and the shadow,
With the false or with the true,
Let your life ring true, my brother,
Let your life ring true.

Oh, there are devious ways, my brother,
By which to reach the goal,
Be sure you choose the narrow way,
And do not risk your soul,—
For in the end 'twill brighten,
And there'll be naught to rue,
If your life rings true, my brother,
If your life rings true.

There are many lives, my brother,
That have a hollow sound,
Of brass, or tinkling cymbal,
Which girds them all around.

They are not true gold, my brother,
You will their faults eschew,
If your life rings true, my brother,
If your life rings true.

Be true whate'er befall you,
In life's brief span,
Stand in the front of battle,
And conquer like a man,
Do right if friends be many,
Or if your friends be few,
And fortune will befriend you,
If your life rings true.

WILL THE WORLD BE BETTER FOR WHAT THOU HAST DONE

Will the world be better for what thou hast
done,
When thy mortal race on earth is run?
Hast thou eased the pain of a broken heart?
Of another's burdens hast thou borne a part?
Hast thou served with spirit true and brave
To rescue the fallen from a sin-cursed grave?
Will the world be better for what thou hast
done

When thy mortal race on earth is run?

Oh, pause and question thy soul awhile,
For life is swift passing and earth's pleasures
beguile;
Hast thou been faithful to duty in thy tempted
hour?
Hast thou trusted in God through sun and
through shower?
Hast thou loved the right and hated the
wrong?
Hast thou lent a hand to the world-weary
throng?
Will the world be better for what thou hast
done

When thy mortal race on earth is run?

Oh, self-seeking soul, resign thy vain quest,
Go out in the world and give of thy best,
To the cry of the poor turn not a deaf ear,
Speak words of kindness, do deeds of cheer,
Stem the torrent of sin, love not the world's
pelf,
Live, live for thy fellow-man, not alone for
thyself.
Thus alone canst thou say when thy race is
run,
"The world is better for what I have done."

DUTY

Oh, duty, how hard and grim thy visage!
We shrink from thy forbidding countenance,
And fain would turn our backs and flee from
 thee!
Thou art so stern—so unlovely ere we know
 thee,
But when once we have embraced thee,
How beauteous thy face;
Like God's own messenger thou dost become!
We feel our souls uplifted to the heights
Where angels tread.
We know that God is with us,
All doubt and dread forevermore are flown!

NEVER GIVE UP

Though trials hard should press,
 Never give up,
Souls are born in stress,
 Never give up.
Keep on with steadfast heart,
And nobly do thy part,
Though sorely tempted thou art,
 Never give up.

Have faith in God above,
 Never give up.
Have hope and trust his love,
 Never give up.
Go forward day by day,
Though evil should hold sway,
This motto be thy stay,
 Never give up!

THE MARCH OF THE SEASONS

Oh, earth, thou art beauteous at springtide,
And sweet are the lays and the trills,
Of thy self-exiled warblers,
As they return to the dales and the hills.
The south-wind kisseth the flowers,
And they blossom in beauty and charm,
In hedges, and gardens, and bowers,
Where lovers delight to roam.

Oh, earth, thou art beauteous at June-tide,
Full-robed in thy garments of green,
Thy skies of deep azure all smiling,
With soft, floating cloudlets between.

Thy air is so balmy and blithesome,
Thy roses so fragrant and white,
We welcome each day with rejoicing,
And hail each eve with delight.

But a Lurlie's charm hath Autumn,
With her shimmering veil of mist,
Thrown over her gorgeous splendor
Of gold and amethyst.
The crimson of her blushes,
As the sun-god whispers adieu,
Fills the poet's soul with rapture,
And his worship kindles anew.

Yes, other seasons are beauteous,
And sadly we see them go,
But, oh, the fading of autumn
Is the saddest time we know.
Yet brief is the reign of winter,
Then spring sweeps on apace,
And summer follows faster,
In the seasons' merry race.

And though our hearts are sighing
As we watch dear autumn go,
She'll soon return with her magic,
And hush again, we know.

TO A LATE BLOSSOM (Appreciation)

So late thou art blooming my sweet,
Out here where the frost softly falls,
Didst thou wake at the sound of my feet,
Canst thou hear when my heart loudly calls?

I wandered to-day through the dell,
Where brown leaves lay heaped on the sod,
About me the winter winds moaned
For the flowerets, the fair children of God.

They were dead and sepulchered there,
Where so late in beauty they'd stood,
The crimson and purple and gold,
Of asters that skirted the wood.

Oh, my heart was heavy, I sighed,
As the winds a requiem sang,
For the autumnal glory which died,
While the world's great heart felt a pang.

Surely thou didst hear me, dear one,
And out of thy cerements came,
To gladden my world-weary heart,
And thy errant lover reclaim.

No frosts shall e'er wither thy charms,
I'll pluck thee, and right o'er my heart
Thou shalt lie forever and aye,
And not even death shall us part!

HE KEEPETH WATCH

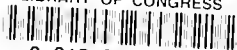
Amid life's stormy blasts,
When darkness veils the sky,
And terror smites thy heart,
Remember God is nigh.
He keepeth watch, be not dismayed.
The Lord is nigh, be not afraid.

In every trying hour,
When Satan's darts are hurled,
When friends forsake and comforts flee
And drear is all the world.
Oh, trust in Him, be not dismayed,
He keepeth watch, be not afraid.

When life is past and thou
Dost sleep beneath the sod,
When earth forgets thy dust,
His angels will hold guard.
Trust in Him now, be not dismayed,
He keepeth watch, be not afraid.

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